

If Pocahontas were a Viking

by AliceFray

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Summary: Disney/Pocahontas Au. Hiccup is forced to become a housewife because he isn't cut out to be a Viking. In an effort to run away, he meets Jack Frost, a free spirit who has a past shrouded in mystery. He soon finds he trusts Jack with all he's got but when Jack starts acting weird and risking their lives all for items on a list will Hiccup realize in time or will it be too late?

1. Just Around The Riverbend

A/N: This was inspired by watching a ton of Disney movies, so beware this one might be slightly cheesy. I eventually just settled on writing a Pocahontas-esque fic. I'm a big fan of the movies and the Hijack shipping. So I figured why not? Enjoy. :)

* * *

><p>My name is Hiccup, like the mistake. I'm nothing but a dreamer and a klutz and I will never amount to anything more than a fishbone.<p>

I mean, I can't even slay a dragon. The absolute only thing I'm required to do. Today was the day to prove myself and I failed, almost getting myself killed and making my own father more ashamed of me than I ever imagined.

What's wrong with me? I know if I can't kill a dragon then I will have to marry Trud and become a housewife, because I cannot be anything else. It sucks I know, but that's how we do things here in Berk. No matter what horizons I see for myself, I know I am limited to those two. And despite the risks, every time I attempt to be better I come out even worse than before.

Which just means that Trud would have to be my provider and protector but I'd sooner let a dragon eat me than let that happen. I understand, I'm supposed to follow my father's orders but I can't

take it. All my life I've had someone telling me what to do. I thought that finally becoming fifteen would get my father off my back but he's become worse than before, just because I don't know where my life is going.

Ever since I was born, I was supposed to follow in my father's footsteps to become the Chief of our tribe. But I've never really did what I was told. I always went off on my own adventures or curled up in a corner reading ancient scrolls when most Vikings my age were learning to shoot an arrow and wield swords.

Because I'm different everyone avoids me, everything I touch becomes a threat to myself or someone else, in addition, when people talk the words go through my ears and come out on the other side. I can never keep any friends and my slight, wobbly physique doesn't help things either.

My one friend is my pet dragon that I'm hiding called Toothless. He's the only one who accepts me for who I am. When I found him he had been in an accident and I nursed him back to health. Since then, he has become my greatest ally. Most times, when I can sneak out, I like to ride on his back as he flies over Berk and imagine being somewhere else.

The sole place I fit in is my head. And even there is getting kind of lonely. But if I were to be honest with myself, I'd say that secretly I don't want to fight dragons. Live and let live you know? No, what I want to do is explore distant lands, to find buried treasure, to not have to worry about marriage and being the toughest in the land.

I don't want to have to be serious all the time or act like a barbarian every waking second. I just want to be accepted for being myself like Toothless accepts me. I know it's too much to ask especially here in Berk but it's what I wish.

But the craziest part is the harder I dream and long for it, the more it seems more palpable. It's a strange feeling to be having but it hasn't died yet. In all these years, I still have a prayer.

So I figure it must mean something. Like change is coming or something as existential as that. I can't quite put my finger on it but I won't give up.

I can feel it coming, it's in the wind, in the trees, it surrounds me and it's a liberating feeling. Everyone else is blind to it except me the dreamer. In fact, I bet it's right around the corner, taking the form of a new adventure.

Oh how I wish I were a dragon! Able to fly free and far away from here. I know Toothless is probably dying to get away but he won't leave me until we're both safe from the tribe and nothing is worse than watching him have to suffer along with me.

"Don't worry Toothless," I cajoled after we returned from our daily test ride, "even if I do get married to mean old Trud, I'll still come by and visit you. It would be the same, only different." I could feel my voice breaking around the words but I tried to keep my composure.

Toothless nuzzled me with his neck, his way of agreeing with me. I

still felt awful though, because I knew the time was running out for me to prove to everyone that I, Hiccup "Horrendous" Haddock the Third, have what it takes to be my own person.

I must have had it in me. Odin wouldn't just create me to walk around without a purpose. Maybe this was his way of telling me not to give up, that the big, unknown thing was coming soon to rescue me from this hellhole. All I had to do was believe.

Maybe I'm not a killer. "There's got to be something else Toothless," I claimed easing myself closer to the edge of the cliff we were on to get a better look at the sunset bathing the water below in salmon and gold. "This can't be it. The dreams can't just be meaningless."

When he didn't answer, I looked back to see him peering at me skeptically. "Oh you big reptile, you don't think I'm crazy too?"

He simply just blinked at me. So I took that as a confirmation to continue talking. "I will find that place where I belong. You don't understand Toothless, I can't lose hope. My fate is waiting."

Little did I know then, that my fate wasn't just waiting he was watching too. Hoping I could reach him sooner and begin the amazing trip that would become my life.

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you for reading. More to come. **

2. At Last We Meet

A/N: For everyone who is concerned about my other stories. Don't worry I'm not abandoning any of them. I'm simply just dabbling in other areas to get my creative juices flowing, so I can be even better when I return to writing my other fics.

** I had a friend read this and she told me most it was implausible but it was still pretty good so for those who can point out all the parts that just don't make sense remember that fanfics, well my fanfics generally don't. With that I'll leave you to the story. As usual enjoy. Oh and special thanks for the favs/reviews/follows, I'm really grateful.**

* * *

><p>I lay on my bed, staring at the ceiling of our house, contemplating my next move, I wasn't having much success; there weren't many options and often I ended up back where I started; become Trudd's wife or _husband _or whatever, somehow find it in me to kill a dragon or run away and never come back.

Although the latter sounded tempting, I really couldn't do that to Dad. He already lost my mom; how could I break his heart a second time? So obviously, the safest course would be to marry Trudd, even if it made me unhappy, at least my father would be able to look me in the eye again.

I mean, I owe it to Dad to make him proud and so far I haven't been doing much of that lately. It would be the least selfish and easiest

thing to do. So why did it feel so hard?

I was still thinking things over when Dad burst into the house with a big smile on his face. "I'm so proud of you my boy!" He exclaimed, stretching his arms out for a hug.

I got off the bed and accepted, though I didn't know what we were hugging for or how I could've possibly made him proud but seeing that Dad rarely hugs, I allowed myself to enjoy the moment.

"I've got the greatest news!" He drew away to rest his arms on my shoulders and stare into my eyes.

"Yes, Dad?"

"Do you remember last time when that dragon nearly ripped you apart?"

So far, I did not like where this was going but I answered anyways, "Uh, huh."

"Well Son, I figured that that was it for you. No one would want you for a comrade or a Viking or even a neighbor," he frowned.

I butt in. "You know Dad, I appreciate you trying to build up my self-esteem here but I-"

He silenced me with a stern look, like when I was a child, before continuing. "You didn't let me finish. There I was wallowing in despair because I didn't know what to do with you when, lo and behold, Trudd came and said he'd be happy to make you his housewife. He wants you. Trudd, one of the greatest warriors this tribe has ever seen, who young men want to be like and girls want to marry, has chosen you as his mate. My boy, why aren't you rejoicing?"

I had pulled out of his grip to take a step back from him; I didn't want him touching me, since I was such a burden and everything.

I could feel the tears threatening but I didn't fight them off. Shamelessly they spilled down my cheeks as the humiliation caught up with me. How could I have been so stupid? I actually thought that I meant more to my Dad than him giving me up to anyone who would ask, just to save himself from further dishonor.

My father crossed his arms at my sudden bout of resentment towards him. "I hope those are tears of joy son, you have no idea how lucky you are-"

"How lucky?" I bellowed, unable to believe my own ears. "Lucky isn't the word, how about unfortunate, because my father care's more about his honor than his own son's happiness." As I spoke, I made sure to meet his eyes. "Are you ashamed of me Dad?"

He seemed taken aback, before schooling his face back into the authoritarian Viking he was. "That is not up for discussion Hiccup."

"You can't even answer the question!"

"Well what about you Mr. Ungrateful?" He pointed at a chest of drawers in the corner, the same place that I kept my secret scrolls, but at the moment I could care less.

"You didn't think I'd wonder what it was you dedicate so much time into reading." His voice was seething with disgust and contempt. "I know about your little heroes and their dreams to see the world. What did I tell you about those? It's all fiction, there's nothing out there. You should be more concerned about becoming a better swordsman. And since we're on the topic of shame, what about you? Are you ashamed of being apart of this tribe?"

When I didn't answer, he shook his head dismissively. "I see, we're all too good for you. Fine, if that's how you want it," I watched him as he paused to take something out of his pocket and rest it on my desk. In the light I could see that it was a beautiful, gold locket. "You're mother wanted you to wear this when you were getting married like she did with me."

I glanced up at him; he looked so tortured as he stared at it, reminiscing the times when she was alive, that I felt more tears arriving to blur my vision. This was what I was afraid of, of hurting him again. "Dad-I"

"I only want what's best for you son. I accept the fact that you don't want to be Chief but I didn't know life here was so bad. Don't worry, you won't hear from me again anytime soon." He took a deep breath, before straightening himself to leave. Without facing me, he said, "Trudd will be coming by shortly to take you hunting. The choice is yours now, I won't continue to pressure you. You can continue reading your scrolls that mock our Viking heritage, I don't care what you do. But my son would've stood up for tradition instead of what was in his mind. You," he turned, pointing at me. "are not my son."

The words were like a knife to the chest but still I couldn't let him leave without defending myself. He couldn't just leave without knowing that I wasn't doing this for spite. "You're wrong Dad."

He stopped, his hand ghosting the door handle. He was listening so I continued. "It's not my mind that I'm following, it's my heart."

The only response was the slamming of the door as my father departed, leaving me alone in the empty house.

Rather than succumb to the fit of sobs threatening to overcome me, I acted fast, collecting my things into a satchel and prepared to leave. On my way out the door, I passed the locket lying on my desk, looking as abandoned as I felt.

I knew I couldn't just leave it behind; it was the only piece of her I had left. So, I placed it around my neck, marriage be damned.

* * *

><p>Toothless was waiting for me in the clearing. I could see he was a little puzzled that I summoned him earlier than the usual time of our test ride but still happy to see me just the same. He tilted his head quizzically at me when he saw the satchel filled with my light belongings before putting two and two together. He knew that this

time we weren't coming back.<p>

"It's okay boy, this place doesn't mean anything to me anymore." I assured him, rubbing his neck the way he liked. He nuzzled me back in what I figured to be understanding.

I was so grateful that I wrapped my arms around his head as best I could and whispered. "All I really need is you."

* * *

><p>Later, as Toothless waited in the clearing for me, I trekked to the forest to find food for our journey, armed with a map, my rarely used dagger and my satchel.<p>

I didn't get far though when I heard rustling in the bushes. I thought nothing of it at first, thinking it might've been a squirrel who's curiosity got the best of him and continued on my quest.

As I delved deeper into the forest, I felt a chill as the wind picked up. I found it strange that we were nearing the end of fall and still had wind as cold as winter frost. I would've shrugged it off however if it weren't for the voice in my head telling me that something was wrong.

I turned around, checking to see if the coast was clear before laughing at my wild imagination. I mean, even if it was a harmful bear or another dragon coming to eat me, Toothless was nearby keeping a look out and my dagger was safely in its sheath on my belt, though I'd never really used it before didn't mean I wouldn't, so I had nothing to worry about. Besides, I've learned that everyone on the island is too busy with thinking I'm crazy to actually care about what I do to even follow me around.

Yep, being an outcast had its perks.

After what felt like an hour, but was really twenty minutes, I finally collected enough food to last us for the journey. I made sure to procure a lot of trail mix for me and a few of Toothless' favorite fruits. After congratulating myself on a job well done, I turned ready to go back to the clearing when another gust of icy wind came and snatched my map out of my hand.

I fumbled, trying to grab it, but alas, it kept evading my reach until finally I caught it as it fell behind a tall shrub, my body half-sprawled behind the bushes.

As I smiled at my victory, I heard the sound of someone snickering. Immediately, I put the map in my bag and swung around in fear.

I really don't know what I expected, probably a ravenous bear or worse, my father about to bring me back home, all I know is when I saw the boy with his frost white hair, and twinkling blue eyes smirking down at me from his perch in the tree above, I couldn't move.

I guess, for lack of a better word, I was frozen. My heart was beating abnormally fast and I couldn't catch my breath. As our eyes met, his face mirrored the shock in mine before morphing into narrow eyed skepticism.

This creature was too beautiful to not be the work of fiction, his striking face alone could not be that of an ordinary mortal. Then it struck me, his face was achingly familiar. Fiction, I remembered Dad yelling at me over my scrolls again like when he did when I was younger. When all I cared about was mythological beings and legends related to Snoggletog.

One day when my father caught me deliberately disobeying him and indulging in one of my fantasy scrolls, he tore it from my hands and ripped it to shreds in front of me. I remember that day so well because I sat and mourned over the loss as if I had lost a friend; until guilt made my father seek out as many scrolls he could find and give them to me the next morning as a gift and an apology.

I was quick to forgive him though and we enjoyed our Snoggletog, sitting by the fire and singing songs it was probably one of the best memories of my life.

Yes, that face was familiar. Every year I would wait for that face to tap on the glass of my bedroom window and carry me away to his world. It was that face, the face that I longed to meet and fire all my questions to, the face that I dedicated so many hours to sketching, the face that seemed to touch the earth with his magic every winter, and the face that I cursed for making this island tough and cold. It was the face of Jokul Frosti, the legendary being of ice and snow.

I smacked myself on the forehead, because there was just no way. "Please don't tell me you actually exist. Just tell me I hit my head or something."

He ignored me; he simply stared at me like I was the supernatural creature who stepped out of the land of make-believe. "Y-you can see me?"

I blinked, taken aback by the question. I thought figments of your imagination existed because you could see them. I must've hit my head pretty hard.

"Of course I can see you. You're not exactly invisible." I pointed out, rolling my eyes at the sheer ridiculousness of the situation.

"You can see me." He repeated, his frosty blue eyes seeming to almost pop out of his head, before a huge toothy smile crested his face and he hopped off the tree to gracefully do somersaults in front of me.

I watched him, unable to hide the smile on my face at his excitement until I was full blown laughing. What could I say; his happiness was actually kind of contagious?

When he recovered, his smile was dazzling. "I'm sorry, it's just not everyday that someone can see or hear me. I guess I got a little carried away."

"No, it's fine. It's not every day that someone is actually pleased to meet my acquaintance." I smiled, suddenly feeling awkward. Since we were meeting for the first time, I decided to do something I read in a scroll once: I extended my hand for him to shake. "My name's

Hiccup. It's nice to meet you."

He seemed mesmerized by my hand at first, giving it the kind of look that I get when I discover a new scroll, before harmlessly wrapping his long fingers around mine and accepting the gesture.

His fingers were cold, but that wasn't why I jumped. It was the zing of electricity that traveled up my arm at the contact. I looked at him to see if he felt it too but he still had that no-way expression on his face as he stared at our hands locked in each other's. Maybe it was just me.

"It really is a pleasure to meet you Hiccup. My name is Jack Frost. Most people just call me Jack but you, you can call me anytime." He teased, winking at me, before laughing at himself for the cheesy line.

Effectively it reduced some of the tension and I soon found myself laughing along with him. "How old are you anyways?" I asked, trying to ignore the still present tingle in my hand after he released it.

"Well," he began and I noted how deep his voice was, "physically I'm seventeen but as far as I'm concerned I could be decades to centuries old." This wasn't hard to believe. He was taller than me, though not by much as well as more muscular and lean. He could easily make many of the older boys in my village seethe with jealousy.

Of all the scrolls I read, which were written I don't know how many years ago, he fit perfectly with their description. He was immortal, check, he had ghost white hair and winter blue eyes, check but the impossibly handsome part was somehow overlooked.

Then I remembered what he said about it not being normal for people to see him and nearly lost all color in my cheeks. No one else could see him except for me. Was there something wrong with me? Did I have some sort of glitch in my brain?

"Hey, it's okay. I don't usually remember things from my past. It's not your fault." He consoled, after seeing my expression and patted me on the arm gently. I shook my head in the negative.

"It's not that. Why can I see you? How does that work?"

"Well this usually only happens if you've heard of and believe in me, which not many people seem to do. You have no idea what it's like to go through life with everyone ignoring you." He sounded so dejected, like he literally was tired of having to put up with it for so long.

I could do no more than relate. "Actually, I know what you're talking about. People ignore me like it's their job. And most of the time if their not ignoring me they're staring daggers in my direction. My only real friend is my pet dragon Toothless-

Holy Orca, I forgot about Toothless. He was probably worried sick by now.

"I have to go." I confessed, resenting how quickly I let my priorities slip away by getting distracted. Then I thought for a

second, this guy had been lonely for years, I couldn't just let him stay here by himself. "Would you like to come?"

He gave me that same bug eyed are-you-serious expression again and tightened his grip around what I think was some cool looking staff, so, without waiting for an answer, I took him by the arm and guided him back to the clearing.

"Wait, dragon, how old do you have to be to own a pet dragon?" He inquired as more of the clearing came into view.

I shrugged. "I'm fifteen so, not that old."

Toothless' ears perked up as he spotted me walking over to him, he didn't seem to notice Jack at all. I rubbed his head like I usually did and apologized. "I'm sorry boy; I just got carried away talking to my new friend here."

Then I remembered and turned to Jack, who simply shrugged. "It's kind of a fifty-fifty with animals. Some see, some don't."

When I turned back to Toothless, my expression was much more sober. "You see him boy, don't you?"

The huge, black reptile spotted him alright, because in one second he went from sweet and docile to mean and deadly. He crouched ready to attack in a way I'd never seen before. I looked at Jack to see if he'd give me any assistance but to my surprise he was poised in attack mode as well, his staff pointing at Toothless menacingly.

"No!" I yelled at both of them. To Toothless, "bad Night Fury, he's my friend and _you,_" I scolded pointing at Jack, "are supposed to be setting some kind of non violent example like you did in the stories." After a beat, they both returned to their normal positions feeling ashamed of their previous misconduct.

I couldn't help but sigh in relief. "Good, next time we'll use our words. Now Jack, Toothless and I have somewhere to go. I mean this from both of us when I say that it would be a pleasure if you accompanied us on this trip."

Jack smiled, "Somehow I don't believe Toothless was thinking that but heck, I'd love to come. Thank you."

"Great, now hop on Toothless' back and I think I can make it so you so you don't fall off-"

He interrupted me. "Whoah, I'm not getting on that thing."

I was confused. "How are you going to come with us?"

Jack looked guilty as if he were hiding something important from me. "Jack?" I urged.

Scratching the back of his head with his free hand, his staff held in the other and a faint blush coloring his cheeks, he admitted. "Please don't freak out, but I haven't even covered half of my abilities yet. You just knew that I was immortal and had an effect on the weather."

"Jack, where are you going with this?" I pushed, feeling a bit more confused. What could he possibly tell me that my scrolls didn't cover?

He sighed and his cool, misty breath fanned around me. "I can fly."

* * *

><p>AN: I hoped everyone liked this. I know this chapter was a whopper but I had a lot of ground to cover. I hope I kept up with the characters personalities though I felt that I made the father a little bit of a jerk. But , oh well. Note to self non-suspenseful-cliffhangers defeat the purpose. See you next time while I work on Page Six Lovers. -AliceFray**

3. Something's Missing

A/N: Hi guys I'm back. This was written after listening to too many Vanessa Carlton songs and lots of sleep deprivation all while I'm working on my new chapter for Page Six Lovers. This one was finished first so I decided to post it. Title is from Flyleaf's Missing. This chapter has some humor in it and fair warning, it probably doesn't flow properly because that is not my specialty. Typing words on a page and hoping for the best is. :) Special thanks to my reviewers/favs/alerts/follows you all make me feel like I can actually be proud of my work and that means alot. Enjoy.

* * *

><p>Something's Missing (in me)<p>

I blinked up at him, speechless for a second, before I threw my hands up in the air in frustration. "I can barely get to point A to point B without tripping over my own two feet and here you are as graceful as a swan and you can fly too! Next you're going to tell me you can summon the wind at will."

Jack shrugged and gave me a shy smile. "You know, on second thought don't answer that." I mumbled. Then it clicked. "You were messing with me back there weren't you?"

He shrugged again innocently, failing to fool me for a second. When I told him so, he simply leaned in closer locking my gaze in his piercing blue eyes. "Well, you were sort of asking for it. I probably would've left you alone if you hadn't looked so serious, just tempting me to put a little fun in your life. Besides," he whispered, leaning in even closer as if we were sharing a secret. "It is next to impossible to ignore someone as cute as you."

I rolled my eyes at him, trying to appear nonplussed as the blood rose to my cheeks. The only other person to ever be so forward with me was Trudd and though I could say for a fact that I had no interest whatsoever in him, it was harder to say that about Jack and I had no idea why. But I wasn't going to let him know that. So, I decided to reply the way I usually do when being flirted with, completely nonchalant and with plenty of sass. "And it is next to impossible to not stab someone as annoyingly bold as you but somehow I

manage."

Jack's eyebrows shot up, before his cocky grin returned followed with a wink and I realized it was a lost cause. Turning my attention to more important matters, I spun around to find Toothless so I could attach my harness to him and prepare for flight.

It didn't take long and soon we were ready to go, Jack flanking beside us and doing his job to bend the wind in our favor.

When we were finally up in the air I marveled at how great it felt, feeling the breeze through my hair and all my troubles melt away, however I found it hard when my eyes strayed to Jack who seemed to glide effortlessly through the sky as if he belonged there.

I still couldn't believe I met Jack Frost. Part of me felt I was dreaming, that half of this day began as a nightmare and then settled into a pleasant outcome, while another part of me feared that I had finally gone crazy, I had ended up as the villagers either claimed or predicted would happen for years. Yet, I found it hard to pinch myself or attempt to shake myself out of it for fear that Jack would disappear and I'd end up back to the depressing reality that was my life.

I was serious when I told Toothless that Berk didn't mean anything to me anymore. As far as I was concerned I had nothing to leave behind and it was probably for the best. I wasn't really living rather than existing in a world that wanted nothing to do with me. Now I could focus on what I wanted and that was a life I was looking forward to.

How bad could this journey be if I found Jack? I glanced at him once more as we both soared through the sky together, at that moment our eyes locked and I smiled at him. Not bad at all.

* * *

><p>We found a clearing by the edge of a cliff, where a beautiful lake lay surrounded by forestry. Being next to water was a necessity; I couldn't afford for either Toothless or me to be thirsty and lakes held plenty of fish in case we got hungry. I needn't worry about Jack though, what with him being a spirit and not requiring sustenance but I found myself worrying for a different reason. He seemed a little preoccupied in his thoughts after we landed, a sudden change from the flirty, playful mood he had earlier.<p>

So being the concerned type, I confronted him about it over dinner.

After much evading and my continued persistence, he finally spilled the beans. "Did you ever want to remember your past because you thought it would fix your present?" He asked, eyes reflecting sincerity I'd never seen before. It seemed crucial that I answer the question.

I chewed it over a piece of fish. There had been many times I had wished I could remember my mother as a way to remind myself all the things I should've loved about Berk, yet it always failed miserably and I'd be back to the crushing truth, there was no emotional connection between me and that dreaded place.

"Yes, I have but I can't say it ever worked." I admitted after awhile, he looked even paler than before so I explained. "I believe in living in the now. I always let the past be in the past. I learn from my mistakes and I try to move on. If there were any other way to change my present besides running away and never looking back, don't you think I would've tried it already?"

He nodded, and a ghost of a smirk blessed his features. He didn't seem as tormented as before and that was inexplicably relieving to me. "You know?" He questioned after a beat. "If you applied that sort of confidence to the way you see yourself, there's no limit to what you could do."

I blinked; shocked by the transparency of his statement, before salvaging what was left of my composure. "Thanks, but it's because it's a science. There's a right answer and a wrong answer and there's rarely a chance that I could look stupid trying to figure it out. My self-esteem's not that simple. To me it's just a sea of wrong answers and a very disappointing outcome. Plus, it doesn't help things when you spend your whole life being the unintentional laughing stock of an entire village.

Every time I go through the formulas and equations to find the answer it always ends up with the same thing: the stupid, clumsy variable doesn't fit in with the gifted, proficient constants. So I do the only thing I can do," I confessed, unable to meet his eyes for fear of seeing pity or worse the utter disgust when he realizes he bit off more than he can chew. "I subtract x from the equation."

Jack frowned, musing over my rant. "For someone who is so single-minded when it comes to solving problems you sure know how to overcomplicate things." He shook his head as if coming to the conclusion that everything I just said was irrational nonsense. "You don't really believe that do you?"

I shrugged. "I have no evidence that proves otherwise."

"What about Toothless?"

"What about him?" I asked, taking a peek at the big reptile happily devouring his fish dinner. "I'm very proud to have him with me but that doesn't mean I've conquered anything. I may not fear dragons that much anymore but-"

He cut me off. "You've managed to be friends with something that would have you for lunch and discover the reality of someone who everyone thought existed only in folk lore. That's two accomplishments in my book." He praised, giving me a thumbs up.

I blushed and looked away nervously, maybe he was right or maybe pigs could fly.

"You don't believe me?" He asked, quirking an eyebrow.

"It's not that," Oh Votan, he wants me to explain, I thought to myself, simultaneously racking my brain for answers.

"What then?" Oh, he's coming closer. Say something witty.

"You don't get it." Nice one. He can't _possibly _continue to pressure you with a comeback like that.

"Try me."

"You have no idea what it's like trying to impress other people or what it's like being born with the short end of the stick. The world isn't just rainbows and gumdrops and all that. That's not how it works."

"How would you know? The only world you know is Berk."

I frowned, he had a point.

"I wish you could see what I see. That you are way more special than even you realize." There was the earnestness and sincerity again. I felt the blood flow to my ears and involuntarily I bit my lip.

How could this boy who'd known me for a few hours understand me more than my own father who'd known me my whole life? I blinked to fight off the stinging tears and the memories of Mother that threatened to reappear. But it was useless; for once, someone had got it right.

"You know?" I began, feeling a lot less broken inside. "The only person to ever tell me that was my mother."

Jack patted me softly on the back. "You have a big heart Hic. Wherever she is, I'm sure she's proud."

I could manage no more than to blush and look flustered, because I knew he was right. I looked down at the locket and smiled.

Without warning he took my hand in his and stared into my eyes, lazuli meeting emerald, all too quickly he didn't seem like a stranger, from somewhere deep down I felt that I'd known him my whole life.

"Would you come with me-" He began, looking as nervous as I felt a few minutes ago.

"Yes." I said without hesitation.

"You didn't let me finish," He smiled, rubbing the back of his head. "Would you come with me on my quest to find out my past?"

"Yes." I nodded.

"I would keep you safe and we wouldn't do anything you weren't comfortable with-"

"For the thousandth time. Yes! I'd follow you to the moon if you asked." The words fell out on their own, but I knew they were as true as the sky was blue or rain was wet.

"Really?" He asked, looking at me in disbelief.

"Yes." And as I said it, he pulled me into a hug. "I don't believe it," he beamed, cool breath caressing my ear. "It's just like he said. You'd come."

"What who said?" I wondered, hugging him back just as tightly.

"The man in the moon, the one who told me who I was." He answered, pulling away slightly so I could see he was totally serious. Considering all the things I'd discovered today, that was the most believable.

"Well, if I live in a world where that makes sense and I'm still here then that means I'm not going anywhere."

He said nothing, he just hugged me tighter. And I knew I couldn't be dreaming or crazy because there was no way my mind, no matter how creative it was, could invent someone as amazing as Jack Frost with anything to base him off of but mere scrolls.

* * *

><p>The next morning as Toothless and I bathed in the lake, though really we were mostly just splashing water at each other in a game I had no hope of winning, Jack waited a few feet away (for safety purposes lest he freeze it and turn us into oversized popsicles).<p>

Waking up to find him still here after last night was like waking up the day after Snoggletog and being assured that it actually happened, that the presents under the tree belonging to you weren't the objects of a glorious dream but an even better reality.

After I put my clothes on and ensured Toothless was laying in the sun to dry himself, I went over to Jack who was scanning, from what I could see, a piece of paper.

"What's that?" I wondered, pointing to the paper in his hands.

"It's the key to finding out about my past. It was the only thing I had on me when I woke up as Jack Frost." He professed, handing me the paper so I could see.

"Jack," I gasped in astonishment. "This is English."

He nodded, a full smile curving his lips. "My native tongue."

"But it doesn't make any sense." I frowned. "Why can you understand me and I understand you?"

"You see," he began matter-of-factly, "weird is a universal language. _Ow. _Okay, I think it's because you believe in me, kind of like how Santa understands kids' letters no matter the language." He finished, gingerly rubbing the spot on his shoulder where I punched him.

"And I thought you were against violence."

"I am, but I'm still a Viking and you're still, well, you."

"You don't like me now?" He asked, feigning hurt.

I rolled my eyes. "I'd like you a lot more if you told me what this paper says and who Santa is."

"Oh yeah, well my inexperienced friend, Santa is a jolly fat guy who delivers presents to children on Christmas and I can tell by your face that you have no idea what I'm talking about." I nodded, intrigued but as confused as ever. Jack slung his arm around me, so we were hip to hip. From so close I could smell the sweet scent of pine trees and mint that surrounded him and tried to fight the rush of blood warming my cheeks. Thankfully, Jack didn't notice. "That's okay because it's not important. This is the list of Rogue, a wizard said to have existed many years ago who claimed that anyone who found all the items listed would get three wishes.

I researched it. It seemed as if at some point I must've been on a quest to find the items since I had it on my person. Though I don't remember much, I figured I mustn't have gotten far since I have nothing to show for my work. This is the key to finding out my past, if I even have one."

"Why didn't you ask the man in the moon?" I questioned, trying to figure it out.

Jack shrugged which was impossible to do gracefully when hugging someone hip to hip. "He doesn't tell me much. If it were up to him, I'd be wondering around like a chicken with his head cut off."

I thought of how hard it must have been to walk this earth without knowing anything about yourself or why you even exist. It seemed like a cruel joke with no punch line and I felt suddenly guilty. My life was cake compared to his. "So, are you allowed to ask for help?" I asked, mentally shaking away the dark mood threatening to envelop me.

"Of course!" Jack exclaimed, lightly nudging me in the rib. "The only reason people never brought others along was because they were too stingy to share the wishes. And I couldn't dream of not sharing them with you."

"We also have an advantage." I realized, ignoring the stupid butterfly feeling I was getting at hearing Jack's words. "You have powers and I have a dragon."

"Exactly. We can actually solve what many people probably perished trying."

"I can't believe I'm agreeing to do this."

He gave me an affirming squeeze on the shoulder. "Believe it."

"Did you search for the items on your own in the time that you've been immortal?"

"Yes. But many times I would just quit when the going got too hard. Like when someone would walk right through me and I'd realize I was just fooling myself." His voice softened. "I really shouldn't have given up so easily but then again it led me to you."

"And you honestly believe I can assist you?" I asked quirking an eyebrow.

"Yes. The man in the moon said and I quote, 'only the best of the best can help you in your quest' and you Hiccup are the best there

is." He claimed lightly tapping me on the nose as if it to say it is painfully obvious and how could you not see it, without having to say anything.

I rolled my eyes. "Flattery will get you nowhere."

"I wasn't trying to flatter you, I was stating a fact and if that's the case then why are your cheeks so red?" he asked, leaning in closer and I felt the heat as the repeat offenders deepened in response.

"Okay, initial order of business." I began, trying to change the subject. "What's the first thing on the list?" I questioned, struggling to read the words on the page and silently cursing Berk for not having the proper materials needed to learn the language. I should've taken the offer my Irish cousin Siobhan was giving me when she visited last spring, it would've helped if only she wasn't so boring and smelled of tuna.

"Well, there are three things on the list and this is the easiest." Jack answered, staring at the page intently. "It is the stone of Glacier."

"And how is that easy?"

"It's on the top of Mount Chridion and we can fly there. The next is the eye of a wizard and the last and hardest thing is the gem from the amulet of Eva. Got all that?"

"Yes your Highness, King Arthur sir. But why was that last item the hardest?"

"Well, my manservant. It is said that Eva the warrior princess, (not much is known about her since she kept to herself and harmed anyone who dared cross her), died and was buried with her amulet around her neck or probably it was passed down to the next generation. No one is sure." Jack mused as he rubbed his chin.

"Sounds like a piece of cake." I shrugged, aiming for nonchalance, despite the adrenaline thrumming through my veins.

"Thank you, again." The older boy said, pulling me into a full hug. I knew then that if this crazy journey didn't kill me, it would be the child-like spirit who had a vice grip around my heart. "And Hiccup?"

"Yes?"

"Promise me something?" Stupid question, I'm already putty in your hands. "What?" I asked instead.

"Promise me that no matter what happens, you'll still be there to remind me of who I am." His voice wavered and if his words held any warning, I was too far gone to notice.

"Jack if I planned to leave I would've headed for the hills as soon as you said 'hello'. Like it or not you're stuck with me." My words rang through; at this point I couldn't imagine him leaving without taking what was left of my sanity with him. Maybe it was a hopeless, gullible thing to do. To put my trust in someone I barely knew, but

one thing I was sure from the bottom of my heart to the density of my bones: you have to live while you can.

* * *

><p>AN: I am now realizing how loosely based on Pocahontas this is, next chapter hopefully I can bring back that Disney element to it. I wanted to show Jack's caring side and Hiccup's bravery more, so this chapter was more of an outlet to channel their different personalities. Sorry about the Math, I figured Hiccup would try to express his feelings in a way he understands and Jack is just like nothing but motivation. Anyways I'm rambling. It's almost four in the morning and I have somewhere to be tomorrow. See you next time and thanks for reading! **

4. Always Gotta Be Brave

Always Gotta Be Brave

A/N: _Okay so my mom actually helped me write this lol. She's over the whole "me-using-the-computer-too-much" thing and is now totally okay with it. I don't know either. She jsut proof read, which come to think of it was a stupid idea because she has bad vision but she liked it. So this is really long overdue because I've been juggling things like my social life, my internet life, my school life (is there such a thing?) all with my two hands. But I'm grateful I still have readers like you guys who have been pouring the love in buckets. I feel undeserving but so so grateful. So thank you everyone!_

* * *

><p>You never know how strong you are until being strong is the only choice you have.

I made sure to strap myself in and complete the little routine Toothless and I practiced every time we were about to fly. I wanted every single thing to be done precisely the way they were meant to be. Everything, even the amount and quality of the food we were packing had to be in order of taste and preference not to mention nutrition. It was all an exact science and I had to carry it out.

Jack however, didn't see my partiality for order the same way I did. He chuckled and tousled my hair before giving me a wicked grin and flew down to get his staff.

As I tried to fight the stupid scarlet color rising to fill in my cheeks just from his touch, a thought occurred to me. This was it. No turning back. We were going to travel further away from Berk than I have ever been and risk my life all to help a stranger no, a myth that turned out to be true, because he was really kind and always had me choking on butterflies every time he looked in my direction. And the worst part? I didn't question it for a minute. In fact thinking of Jack and his cold self made me feel inexplicably warm inside. What was this feeling and why did I like it so much?

When Jack turned around he found me grinning like the village idiot as I let my thoughts entertain me. It took a nudge in the shoulder for me to snap out of it and realize he was trying to talk to

me.

"What?" I asked cleverly.

"I said Mount Chridion will be cold, so I was asking if you had anything warm to protect you from the elements."

As I nodded, thoughts of my coats and what I would much prefer to warm me up came to mind but I banished them immediately when I thought of the improbability- Jack's arms would most likely make me freeze to death than anything else. Well they should've. Truth be told I could feel goose bumps from where he nudged me on the shoulder, but the tingling wasn't like the bitter chill of winter frost. It was much more pleasant and came with it a buzz that went straight to my head. Tentatively I rubbed the spot.

"I guess that's what they mean by cold shoulder." He chuckled and I gave him my most murderous glare.

He put his hands up in surrender before taking his place at my left flank and preparing himself for take off.

* * *

><p>Mount Chridion was retched. Jack wasn't kidding-for a change-when he said it would be cold. I kind of felt bad for the poor people forced to live in the neighboring towns out of sheer misfortune. Even Toothless with his thick skin kept giving me looks to communicate his discomfort of this wintry place. It was so bad I had to wear both my fur skin coats to keep warm. Jack however, looked at peace.<p>

He bobbed and weaved through the blasts of ice and wind careening towards us with the ease of a piece of parchment drifting through the wind. At any other time I could appreciate this thing of beauty, now I looked at him with envious dislike as I wished I could look so majestic. He caught me staring, gawking was more like it, and gave me a friendly wink that made me, once again feel stupidly warm inside.

A couple minutes later we landed in a remote location, discreetly hidden from the villagers. Though in my opinion it didn't seem like they noticed much. I mean a giant Night Fury flying around not so subtly would tip off anyone with eyes. But I guess the weather and the poverty would make anyone preoccupied. After unhooking myself from Toothless I asked Jack why this was.

He frowned as he mulled it over. "This land is cursed."

I almost fell very ungracefully off Toothless. "What?"

"Glacier, was an evil King who had the power to control ice and snow, kind of like me except with more powerful magic. When he died he cursed this place to have perpetual winter. Needless to say, it sucks." The spirit explained, rising up to help me down.

"So it's like Berk?"

"Yeah, just a lot tougher and more unpleasant."

I scowled. "Guess I'm going to like it here."

"Home Sweet home."

"Oh Jack we have to help them." I thought of the villager's sad faces and how much I hated living in Berk with its cold, bleak weather. No one deserved to suffer as much as I had to. And from the looks of things, they were suffering. Surely there must have been something Jack could do. After all he was the being of ice and snow. Glacier shouldn't have anything on him.

The older boy smiled and it did a strange sparkly thing to his eyes. I looked away to protect the last shred of my sanity.

"I can try, but it will take his stone first."

"Right, the one at the top of the mountain? That should be easy."

Jack nodded his head. "I don't ever remember getting this far. I don't remember what kind of challenge awaited me here but in any case we have to lay low for awhile."

"Do you think something's guarding it?"

"It would make sense. I'm sure the King wouldn't just die and leave his most precious stone unattended without some sort of magic or creature protecting it."

I gulped, suddenly having second thoughts. "And y-you still think we have a shot. I know nothing about magic. Heck, who am I kidding? I can't even read the words off that piece of paper that has just instantaneously taken over our lives much less rescue a village covered in ice and steal a magical stone that may or may not be guarded by mysterious creatures."

The words came out so rushed that it took several breaths for me to recover. Jack saw this as a perfect opportunity to wrap an arm around me in his own way of placating me. "Hic, there you go doubting yourself again. You are so much better than this."

There was the buzzy feeling again. Self-consciously I jumped out of his grip. "I-I know Jack" But the words trailed off as I suddenly forgot what I was going to say. Darn it, Jack Frost was a detriment to my eloquence.

Personal space was a foreign concept to him obviously, because he turned my head so we were face to face. "Hic," He started and his deep voice made the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. "There is nothing to be afraid of. You have me and I won't let anything happen to you."

I blinked, surprised again by his unwavering sincerity. He of course, had nothing to do with my personal safety and I didn't want him to think for a second that he was responsible if something bad were to happen. It was something not many people understood about me; I liked to take care of myself, handle things on my own. I didn't believe in fate, I believed in making it yourself. But I would admit that I was afraid, very afraid. And though I would rather stupidly, follow him to the ends of the Earth, I would always have to hesitate because fear would get in the way.

His words comforted me and I let them. Because although they held promises I should've been weary of trusting, I felt he wanted nothing else in return and that was a pleasant change. Physically and mentally I relaxed, meeting his lazuli blue eyes with my emerald ones but only for a second before the tell tale blush rose to the tips of my ears and I had to look away at something a thousand times less interesting than him, like the view from the edge of the hill we were perched on.

There wasn't much to see except the sunset descending on the horizon. I glanced over at Toothless to see him preparing himself for slumber and I sighed; we were going to need to make another fire and find more food and then tomorrow we'd get to business.

A smile crested my face as I saw Jack reach over to pet Toothless but the big dragon only growled at him while the spirit reiterated with a sneer of his own.

I laughed at them both until it morphed into a yawn and I realized that I, along with the setting sun, needed my rest especially if we were to liberate the villagers of their curse the following morning. But I didn't want to sleep just yet. I watched, pretending to be enraptured in eying Toothless, Jack as he went around gathering materials for the fire. I still had so much I wanted to ask him, like what it felt like to die, where was his family, did he even have a family? Was it even worth it to try to remember them?

These questions rang through my head as I watched him across the fire. I was absolutely sure I was inconspicuous until Jack flat out told me that I wasn't fooling anyone. "Hiccup, do you have something you want to ask me?" He asked, smirking at me with that all knowing I-know-what-you've-been-thinking look.

Quick! Look nonchalant. Play it cool. "No." And the words came out a full octave higher than usual. _That was so tragic. Why do I bother? _

Jack's smirk grew impossibly more crooked. "You sure?"

_Save yourself. _"I am absolutely positive that I wasn't thinking about asking you what it would be like to be dead." _Oh this just keeps getting better and better. _

Jack's smirk faltered before he caught himself and schooled his face into perfect indifference. "It's not all that awful. Uhm, though dead isn't the word I would use. How about nonexistent?"

"You don't have to answer me. I'm sorry-what?" I looked at him through my fingers.

He shrugged. "Being nonexistent. It's not so bad. Think of it like an eternity of boredom, no it's like having everything but without having anyone to share it with."

"So it's like boredom and loneliness. Wow. I know what that's like. I don't really have friends. If it weren't for Toothless I'd be at home wasting precious years of my life studying the ceiling."

Jack smiled. "Boy aren't we one messed up pair."

"Ha, I guess. Jack?"

"Yes."

"How'd you know you even had a past if the only life you know is this one. I mean you say the man in the moon doesn't tell you much. How could you possibly know?"

He straightened up, rubbing the back of his head, looking uncomfortable. He made a face and it was obvious he was going to lie. "Jack Frost, don't you dare lie to me." I said in my best take-no-prisoners voice, molding my face into a frown.

Recovering, he flashed me another crooked smile before finally deciding to give up. "I dreamt it."

I coughed, quite suavely. "What?"

Jack returned to rubbing the back of his head, his eyes though seemed lost to the world. "They are more like nightmares. Scary ones. Nightmares of searching for something, of hunger, of pain, of feeling lost. I didn't even know I could sleep until I wake up and I find myself feeling too warm and I'm almost choking on air. _Every. Single. Time_."

His eyes burn with more sincerity. There's not much I could say. So I didn't say anything.

"It's the only taste I get of what being human feels like. And you might think this strange but I look forward to them. They give me some semblance of an existence."

I nodded my head in understanding. It was just like the dreams I had of my mom. Sure I'd wake up mourning a terrible loss but I would look forward to them nonetheless, after all they were the only way I could jog my memory of her. I couldn't afford to be picky.

But to have such horrid dreams of the only memories that mattered to you and then going around each day as if nothing distressed you, was a feat I could never imagine having enough strength to accomplish.

"Well," he exclaimed, rising up on his feet with the kind of grace only fairies and swans could summon. "It's about that time again. You're tired and you'll need your rest."

I nodded, trying my best to be convincing, though I could feel my eyelids drooping and several yawns building in my throat. "No, I need to know more mmph."

He laughed softly, "I'm afraid I didn't quite catch that last part. The Sandman is patiently waiting for your compliance."

"Jack you sure are strange." I said, feigning indifference though I'm sure he could see by the way I visibly perked up that I was interested in this "Sandman".

He shoved his hands into the pockets of what he called his "hoodie" and glanced away from me towards the stars. I stared up too and the

sight was breathtaking. The stars glowed a beautiful silver against the pitch black sky. I gasped and when I looked back to see if Jack was seeing the same thing I was, I found him staring at me, his startlingly blue eyes twinkling with an intensity that I had given to the stars just seconds ago.

I blinked then, out of surprise and when I peered up, he was no longer in front of me on the opposite side of the fire but beside me, inching another strong arm around my waist.

"Are you cold?" He asked, fanning his minty breath in my face.

"N-no" I nodded, trying to rid my head of the fog suddenly rising and filling every crevice of my brain.

"Are you sure?" _Darn, he's coming closer. Maybe this isn't such a bad thing. He smells so good. Like spearmint and pine cones. _

_Say something wise and flirty. _"I-I don't want you to disappear on me." _Yep, why do I bother?_

He chuckled and the sound did strange things to my stomach. "Trust me. I couldn't leave you even if I wanted to. I hope you like the sound of forever because that's how long I plan to stay. "

Through my sleep-deprived, fog filled brain the only response I could find was: "forever isn't long enough."

He laughed again, Odin what an amazing sound. How did I ever live without hearing that sound? And then he kissed me on the forehead. The only thing I remember is falling asleep on his shoulder as we both looked at the stars. I fell asleep that night with dreams of snowy mountains and fearless dragons.

* * *

><p>AN: _Hope you all enjoyed it. More chapters to come, only warnings is that this is an adventure fic and boyxbuy but then again you knew that going in. Still trying and sort of failing to keep the disney feel haha, please don't kill me lol._**

End
file.